

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1897.

WEATHER.—Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair weather; variable winds.

ANGELINA CISNEROS WILL BE FREE.

Spain, arraigned at the bar of civilization by the Journal for the crime involved in the unspeakable maltreatment of a young girl, has been forced to speak. Her chosen mouthpiece is Enrique Dupuy de Lome, Minister to the United States. This man, selecting Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the noble widow of the late President of the Southern Confederacy, from among all the American women who have petitioned the Queen Regent for justice to Evangelina Cisneros, addressed to her Spain's plea in defence of that indefensible. Here is De Lome's letter, to which the Journal invites the world's attention:

Lenox, Mass., Aug. 24.

Madame: Don Juan Du Bose, First Secretary of the Royal Spanish Legation, who went to see you in my name, has had the honor of having with you Saturday last. He has not failed to convey to Her Majesty the Queen, through her Minister of State, the Duke of Tetuan, that you had deigned to Her Majesty, and I have also reported the noble words you have expressed in your conversation. Du Bose told you that, when your cablegram was received, the Queen and the Spanish Government had no knowledge of the arrest of Miss Evangelina Cossio Cisneros, and also that Her Majesty had given orders, as soon as it was received, to her the merits of the case, and had been pleased to command me to inform you, if your message was true, that she received it favorably and with all the regard due to a lady so worthy of respect.

The information received from Cuba by the Spanish Government and laid before Her Majesty, and that has been transmitted to me by cable, shows, in my opinion, that a shameless conspiracy to promote the interest of one or more sensational papers is at the bottom of the romance that has touched your good heart.

The facts show that Miss Evangelina Cossio Cisneros lured to her house the military commander of the Island of Pines, and had him concealed in it, who tried to assassinate him in connection with an uprising of the prisoners in the island. For that offence, far from being condemned and being ready to be transported to a penal settlement in Africa, she has not yet been tried. The Public Prosecutor has not yet presented the case for the government; he has not yet, as is a requisite of our law, asked a sentence to be imposed on her, and the case is not yet ready to be finally disposed of.

These facts are very easy to prove. The American Consul-General, any of the foreign consuls in Cuba willing to get information, can convince themselves of the truth, and could have been applied to by the papers which have started this sensation, if they had really been prompted by a sentiment of humanity instead of having been prompted by a desire of increasing their circulation by their usual slanderous methods.

The absolute falsehood of the press publications, in relation to concrete facts related with this case, is not favorable certainly to the exactitude of the considerations with which the innocence of the accused person pretends to be proved.

I have the honor of giving you the above information by order of Her Majesty, and to inform you by her special command she is well and favorably disposed to respond to your earnest plea, and I am instructed to add that, as the case stands, it has been completed and a sentence imposed, she is not allowed by the law to interfere, but that instructions communicated to the Governor-General of Cuba to bring a speedy trial and to grant to Miss Cisneros all possible consideration.

I am, Madam, very respectfully yours, ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LOME.

In defence, by being made official, deepens Spain's disgrace. De Lome asks to have it credited as a fact of government's favor that Miss Cisneros has not been brought to trial, and yet the girl, who according to the papers, has been convicted of no offence, has remained for over a year a prisoner among outcast women in the foulest of Havana. Though De Lome asserts that she has not been tried, he does not hesitate to find her guilty—and

Of having "lured to her house the military commander of the Island of Pines, and of having had men in it, who tried to assassinate him in connection with an uprising of the prisoners in the island." From sources it has become known that this military commander, who forced his way into the girl's room, was a friend attracted by her screams, who bound the villain and kept him bound for two hours until the arrival of the guard. That disposes of the plot to assassinate. De Lome himself vindicates the girl's fair reputation.

Under, on the Minister's own showing, was not a welcome visitant. And what has Spanish justice, so excessive on a luring senorita, had to say in the case of a military commander who permitted himself to be lured into the girl's room, and who forced his way into the girl's room, was a friend attracted by her screams, who bound the villain and kept him bound for two hours until the arrival of the guard.

Why in his defence of his Government does De Lome ignore the imprisonment and ill-usage of Miss Cisneros in the Casa de Ricofidas, the "house for abandoned women?" She is not the first pure woman who has suffered this cruel outrage. Senora Agramonte Sanchez, a venerable lady seventy-two years of age and of the highest social position, for the offence of being the mother of the Surgeon-General of the Cuban army, was confined in the Casa de Ricofidas for months, associated with Miss Cisneros there, and has borne testimony in the Journal to the outrages perpetrated on the young and innocent unfortunate. Miss Aguilar is another witness, of the experience, to the hideous treatment of the girl. The truth is that the case of Miss Cisneros is exceptional, chiefly because the Journal has drawn the world's notice to it. Spaniards in Cuba are accustomed to torture women in revenge on men who make honorable war upon them. And De Lome helps at this end. He is a true Spaniard. The American Consul General or any foreign consul in Cuba, he says, can learn the truth about Miss Cisneros.

Indifferent to fact as to the main matter, Spain's minister and attorney can hardly be expected to be careful of it in minor things. "In my opinion," he remarks to Mrs. Davis, "a shameless conspiracy to promote the interest of one or more sensational papers is at the bottom of the romance that has touched your good heart." There is no such conspiracy. Only the Journal is entitled to the Spanish Minister's censure, for it alone is responsible for rousing the womanhood of America, and its manhood, too, to the horrors of this girl's life under Spanish cruelty, and of her future as it would have been at Ceuta, where but for the Journal she would have been privately dispatched to serve her sentence of twenty years in the worst convict colony on earth.

The Spanish Government has been made to realize that it must release Miss Cisneros. In the light of publicity, and in the nineteenth century, Spain dare not play the savage with this helpless girl. The eyes of the world are upon the Casa de Ricofidas now, and its doors will open to set the girl free, not to doom her to a life of indescribable misery and degradation, as was intended. The women of America, speaking through the Journal, have saved Evangelina Cisneros. De Lome himself ends his letter with a statement that is equivalent to a promise. Instructions, he says, have been communicated from the Queen Regent to Captain-General Weyler "to bring to a speedy trial and to grant Miss Cisneros all possible consideration."

Weyler is a barbarian, but he does not lack brains. The same may be said of De Lome. Both are intelligent enough to be aware that the world has been shocked, and they, with all their associates in the Spanish Government, will now resort to falsehood in an effort to preserve some remnant of the world's esteem. The task of saving out of the crime has been entered upon, and will be carried through, by Weyler in Cuba, by De Lome in the United States. Weyler is among men like himself, and will, therefore, suffer little from shame. To persecute women is routine with him and his companions. But De Lome is obliged to live in the United States, in daily contact with civilized men, and his life from now on is not to be envied. He has felt it to be his official duty to take his place side by side with the Torquemada who has desolated Cuba and to whom woman's weakness appeals no more than it does to an Apache. Weyler is a professional ruffian; De Lome is a volunteer.

But the martyrdom of Evangelina Cisneros is nearly ended. The Journal joins in the rejoicing which De Lome's letter, infamous as it is, will cause in millions of hearts wherever justice is revered and chivalry is not forgotten.

The Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union and the representatives of the Brooklyn Committee of Fifty, have decided to nominate Seth Low in advance of the action of the Republican convention and regardless of any Platt overtures for a deal. This is the bold course, and it is also the wise one. It makes the strongest bid for success possible in the circumstances, and it is the only policy under which either victory or defeat can be honorable.

If Mr. Low's candidacy means anything, it means opposition to boss rule wherever it may be found. For his supporters to begin his campaign by an alliance with the most powerful, the most unscrupulous and the most dangerous boss in the whole political field would be to discredit the whole movement in advance. It is true that the candidate of the Citizens' Union cannot be elected without substantially the whole Republican vote, but neither can he be elected without a very large share of the Democratic vote, and that cannot be had for any ticket that bears a Platt brand. The theory of the Citizens is that Mr. Platt is not the Republican party, and that Mr. Platt will not be able to keep the Republican vote away from them. Time will show whether this theory is correct, but whether it be or not it is the only one upon which the Union can wage a campaign that will be either hopeful or creditable.

It does not accord with American policy to try to rival the great maritime powers of Europe in the size of our fleet, but what we lack in numbers we hope to make up in efficiency. Constant practice in martial exercises keeps a navy always ready for war. In Europe this practice is confined chiefly to the annual Summer manoeuvres, in which the available force is divided into two or more fleets, which imitate as nearly as possible the proceedings that would be carried on if hostilities prevailed. But our navy will have the benefit of a much more prolonged than that. In fact, if the present plans be fully

developed our sea forces will be mobilized and actively exercised all the time.

The programme of the perennial manoeuvres, which are to be the improved American form of the Summer manoeuvres with which European navies have to be satisfied, has not been fully perfected as yet, but the schedule for the North Atlantic squadron may be expected to be something like this:

June—Rendezvous at Tompkinsville. Full dress to receive boarders. Land expeditions to Manhattan Beach, Long Branch and Elberon.

July—Pursuit of the New York Yacht Club. General engagement and capture of New London. Rocket and searchlight drills. Advance on Newport and Narragansett Pier.

August—Foray upon Bar Harbor. Ballroom evolutions to ascertain tactical diameter of mariners under varying consumption of champagne. Endurance tests of the flagship band under forced draft.

September—Return to Tompkinsville. Reconnoissances of clubs to see who is returning to town. Poker drills. October and November—Beginning of Southern cruise. Blockade of Old Point Comfort. Dash of landing parties on Hotel Chamberlin. Siege of the Hygeia. Moonlight boat practice with pretty girls in the stern sheets.

December—Bombardment of St. Augustine. Assault of the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar by the dancing corps of the entire fleet, led by all the ships' bands.

January—Occupation of Tampa Bay, after a cautious progress around the Florida peninsula, hugging the shore to avoid a view of Cuba. Scouting among the tarpon. Nightly dance drills.

February—Service at State fairs, cotton expositions and deep water celebrations at Mobile, Aransas Pass and Galveston.

March—Mardi-Gras manoeuvres at New Orleans. Masquerade practice and confetti drill.

April—Return to Tompkinsville, touching at Tampa, St. Augustine and Old Point Comfort.

May—Wind up of the New York season, and speeding the Four Hundred out of town.

Some of the officers of the navy object to this disposition of their time, but as long as the older and wiser heads at Washington think that this is the way to prepare for war we may be sure that we are on the right track. It is certain that our scheme of manoeuvres is one that none of the effete monarchies of Europe has yet been able to parallel.

Dan Cupid Plays at Astronomy.

IT was night at Manhattan—only the other night. On a bench which had been carefully isolated from the other benches by some person who appreciated the human heart sat Angelina and Adolphus. At their feet glistened the ocean spray—the fringes of old Neptune's rainy beard. The harmonies and melodies of Very Little Fun or Anything Else were wafted on the breezes toward Bayreuth. Athwart the dark purple heavens a pale green Andrey Borsady rocket sized and slanted. At irregular intervals a fitful slant might be seen in the starlight, and against the near but scarcely distinguishable horizon gleamed now and then the lights of an excursion steamer.



"There Is Jupiter."

The night was cloudless. The stars looked into the mirror of the waves and primed themselves. The moon, in token of the harvest days, hung low in the heavens, a golden sickle.

"How beautiful!" murmured Adolphus, tenderly. Angelina, in diaphanous drapery, seemed a fragment blown from a cloud which had settled by his side.

"Yes," she said, faintly, her voice sounding as though it had been filtered through the spray. "You mean the night?"

"Yes," said Adolphus, gazing straight into her starry eyes, "the night, and—and everything."

She sighed and a puff of wind blew her a trifle closer to her companion. Finally she said:

"I wish I knew something about the stars. What is that big one, Adolphus, that seems to be twinkling over there on the floor of the sea?"



"There Is Mercury."

Adolphus's astronomy was nebulous. He merely remembered in a fragmentary way a few terms from the volume which he had studied years before. But he could not confess ignorance to any science now. The divinity beside him trusted his knowledge of the universe with a great trust. Under the inspiration of that faith he felt that he could square the circle with an easy grace. Moreover, out of the poetry of the scene and the tumult of his heart a thought had come to him.

He raised his arm and extended it straight behind her. "That star over there," he said, "is Jupiter. It has eighty-four moons, three axes and five orbits, and is so far from the earth that a ray of light which left Jupiter nine million years ago would never reach us."

A sephyr awayed her toward him, and he curbed his arm slightly and pointed to another star. "That," he said, "is Saturn. You can always tell Saturn by his rings, which are inviolable. It is from this planet that the word 'saturnalia' was derived. Listen intently and you will hear many discordant sounds from Coney Island. They are having a saturnalia there this evening. If you had a telescope you could see Saturn blush."

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Von Holst, the Matter of Fact.

PROFESSOR Von Holst, the high-priced Monroe doctrinaire, who draws wrong inferences from his historical facts, all for the mental development and misinformation of the Chicago University youth, is a person of little imagination. The Professor has dug into the blue books and departmental reports of the world so deeply and so long that his soul feeds on facts alone. He has no tendency for the light and airy jests—(Chicagoese, "josses")—which are characteristic of his colleague, Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin. The latter person, indeed, has the facilities of a rare humorist, with a tendency to romanticism. In evidence witness his articles on binetallism. In an inter-faculty debate the other day on the proposition "How Shall We Separate Rock-elephant from That Other Two Millions?" one of the professors remarked, as a matter of general interest, suggested by the topic, that money was elusive these days. "It's hard to catch," he said, "and I am told that collections are slow."

"Slow!" I should say so," interjected Professor Laughlin, and then he perpetrated a wrong. "A small boy who had swallowed a \$5 gold piece was brought before the medical class the other day," he said, "by his agonized parents. The stomach pump was applied and only \$4.80 recovered."

"I doubt that, Laughlin," said Professor Von Holst. "I know to a certainty that coins will not pass through a stomach pump."

"Why didn't they give the child a cash register and let it ring the money up?" inquired President Harper.

"That seems much more reasonable," concluded Professor Von Holst.

A COOKING SUGGESTION.

The art of cooking has advanced materially since the days when our ancestors buried their meats in the ground and built the fire above; baked their cakes among the glowing embers, and utilized the services of trained dogs to turn the roasting spit upon which the succulent joint was hung.

But even with aluminum kitchen utensils, chafing dishes, basting pans, portable ranges, and all, there is still something left to be accomplished. What is wanted in this hurrying, bustling epoch is food conservation.

The blood-producing and life-sustaining properties of a first-class dinner—soup, fish, entrees, roast, game, dessert, etc.—should be concentrated in the form of a minute capsule, capable of being swallowed instantly, and digested at leisure.

Then, instead of wasting time in eating dinner, we could take it as a pill and go about our business without delay.

THE GATSPY KING.

I put my money, every cent,
Into a Giant Trust,
Became in time its president,
And I am much discussed.

The said, in language far too plain,
In business I'm supreme—
A pirate of the Spanish Main,
Unworthy of esteem.

The papers all are most unkind;
They say I want the earth,
And many, many reasons find
To depreciate my birth.

I did not know that God could make
A man as bad as I,
If sinful spirits broil and bake
I hardly care to die.

With candor, as the truth compels,
I state my cause of woe;
My Trust owns mushroom catnip wells
And markets all the flow.

I rashly once put up the price;
The people rose and said
Some words that were not very nice
About my heart and head.

They all averred my bad intent
Consumers to destroy.
I heard their aspersions lament
With all too little joy.

But, oh, 'twas naught to what I now
Experience. As I stroll
I feel the brand upon my brow,
The iron in my soul!

I'm made to mourn in passing where,
By street or field or stream,
Small dealers and consumers swear
Their mutual esteem.

Oh, I am three accursed and three
Bedamned with many a frown;
For, missing well, I've put the price
Of mushroom catnip down!

THE MERRY JESTER.

"I swear," he protested,
"Empty words!"
Sneered the beautiful wretch.

"Say not so!" Literature has indeed trodden in response to the new impulse to such an extent that the swear words of its creations were no longer empty, but filled out; but women are so apt to forget those things—Detroit Journal.

"Every few days there's something in the papers about a practical joke that ends in a death."

"Yes, but that isn't the worst of it."

"No?"

"No!—It isn't the joker who dies."—Detroit News.

"I suppose," remarked the sarcastic housewife, "that in the course of time ice will be worth as much as diamonds."

"Well," replied the seaman reflectively, "diamonds are pretty good in their way, but you can't rely on their melting down so as to keep up a steady demand."—Washington Star.

into nothing. The only rockets in the sky were heaven's wandering meteors. The fugitive sails had all been blown to harbor. A strain of music, escaped from Coney Island, passed over them on its return to the orient.

She nestled to him, and hid her face on his shoulder, shamed by the prying glances of the moon. "Yes," she said, "I have heard of Venus; will you introduce me to her some time?"

Very Little Faust had subsided easily

Music Does Soothe.

A FAT man, pain-racked and weary looking, with the index finger of his left hand bandaged until it resembled a short handled bass drum stick, entered the smoker as the train pulled out of Narragansett Pier the other day. Holding the maimed finger aloft, as if in warning to his fellow men, the fat traveller sat and silently consoled with himself.

While he alternately sighed and felt tenderly of the bundle of linen in came a lean, cadaverous man, who seated himself directly opposite the fat citizen and in the same set of seats. The index finger on the newcomer's left hand was also bandaged. With a drawn and sleepless look on his sallow face the lean man pulled out a bottle of lotion with which he liberally baptized the injury. The fat man forgot his own aches for the moment while watching the movements of the stranger. A ripple of interest also pervaded the rest of the passengers.

"How Did Yours Happen?"

"What's the matter with your finger?" the narrow gauge man asked in sympathetic accents, as he held the bottle of liniment back into his coat pocket.

"Cut the end of it off."

"How?"

"Cleaning my bicycle. I snipped the end clean off at the first joint."

And the fat man emitted a three-ply groan.

"Mine's off, too," ventured the thin man, who showed a desire to be sociable from a mutilated point of view.

"How did yours happen?"

"Opened some wine the other night and the bottle busted. Going up to Boston, where I live, for treatment."

"I got hurt at Hull myself," the fat man said, warming up geographically.

Then they fell to bemoaning their hard luck and peering into the future with dim, foreboding eyes. While the victims of wine and wheel thus talked the door leading in from the baggage compartment opened and there entered a dilapidated colored man with a guitar slung to his neck. His right arm was gone at the elbow, but he wore a slender pine stick about eighteen inches long lashed to the stump with a leather shoe string. Sitting down across the aisle from the two maimed passengers and beaming with joyous good nature, the ducky struck up "Then You'll Remember Me," thumping out a weird accompaniment by beating the guitar strings with his jury arm.

"Then You'll Remember Me."

The white cripples glared in astonishment at the unaccountable minstrel, but only for a moment. Then the fat man laughed out loud and a reluctant grin crept over the face of the thin chap. The passengers roared and even the austere conductor of the Narragansett jerk-water air line permitted himself to smile.

"The con's worse off than we are," the fat man said.

"Sure," replied his sore-fingered contemporary.

"I'll remember him if you will."

"Sure," the thin man said again.

And when the minstrel passed his hat at the conclusion of the concert he declared the biggest dividend of any trip this season.

THE BATHING GIRLS' REVENGE.

THE group of young bathing women gathered on the beach at Narragansett Pier were chatting very gaily, with no little posing, when one of them, who wore a costume that would have created a stir at Asbury Park, suddenly exclaimed:

"Horrid wretch!" returned another, who, however, did not seem very much put out about it.

"Whatever shall we do?" asked a third, getting a little in the foreground.

"Look here," said the first speaker, "the impudent thing evidently wants to make a close group of us, and just to punish him, we'll prevent it. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll just stand a little apart from each other, and so, in case he really does get a picture—in case, mind—why, those who're in it will come out more distinct. The impertinent thing!"

And they took their revenge on him, so they did.

DAVID H. DODGE.

He gave her a happy laugh, and then she spoke again. "I suppose, dear," she said, "that the North star is still further around."

He turned to point the North star out to her, and at the same time she turned and they looked into each other's eyes. When, an instant later, they glanced at the heavens the North star had fallen into the sea, and the whole sky had blossomed into constellations.

It was Angelina who broke the silence for the last time. "I think, dearest," she murmured, "that astronomy is divine."

The Busy Mosquito.

Scientists say that not one mosquito in million ever tastes human blood; but that of mass work overtime.

It is probable that the most of us would never have thought of the Knellip cure as applied to ourselves if it had not been announced that the Princess of Wales has thrown away her medicine chest and gone to grass as a remedy for her ills.

I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but there are certain signs that a blind man might read, and these point to the probability of a far greater popularity of the Knellip cure in this country than has hitherto existed.

Certainly, within the last day or two I have heard more of Knellip and his discovery than I ever heard before, and the talk has all come from people who had never mentioned the subject prior to the announcement that Her Royal Highness had taken to playing little barefoot on dewy lawns in the early morning hours.

If the Four Hundred should fall to this fad, as seems likely from the present outlook, we shall be treated to some rare and interesting spectacles.

What these will be it is not now necessary to specify. Obviously, any description would be wholly fanciful, and in this connection it is just as well to leave every man to his own imagination.

How far the thing has gone in talk, however, may be judged from the fact that it has caused a certain chapple of my acquaintance to drop into what he is pleased to call poetry.

That he can write poetry is purely an hallucination on his part, but the production is worthy of publication as an exhibit of the mental condition into which the American aristocracy has been thrown by the pedal experiment of the prospective Queen of England.

Therefore, without further apology, but still with trepidation, I give it to you: Oh, it's swift o'er the grass as the merry blades pipes

That the Princess now capers and frolics and Knellips.

In the first flush of morning, as spry as a fawn, She disports o'er the dewdrops that beam on the lawn,

All her system to brace and her spirits to cheer, And it's the Knellippling will soon be the thing over here.

Yes, it's round the Casino the "awells" will appear, And across the wet grass plot with rapture career.